

A Fate Worse than Dying

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A Fate Worse than Dying

by [MaddoxWhite](#)

Summary

Ben takes the subway train to go clear his mind at the nearby waterfall. The only other person on board, Jamie, catches his eye.

Suddenly, he isn't alone for the walk there.

Wasting your Time, you're Wasting Mine

I took the last bite of my breakfast, and was left with only my window view. The many bright, skyscraper lights, drowning out the complete darkness of the night sky, reflecting onto the ocean, with the moonlight and stars there to help it. The sun was just starting to rise, but it felt like I hadn't slept in years. I sleep, but it never helps. I'll just take another long shower.

I pulled the drapes over, turning the knob to let the water flood my body, slowly turning warm as time went on. This was nice. It helped me think, helped me not stress out so much. I thought of all of the fun things I could be doing, and that I've done in the past, knowing damn well that I'll never do any of them. I thought of the music I enjoy, and mouthed the lyrics to a few. I thought of all the things I could have changed in the past...and kept thinking about them.

The past started to consume me again. Every little thing I could have done differently to stop...the worst moment of my life. I was probably in there for an hour, but it's so hard to tell. Eventually, I snapped myself out of it, and quickly turned the water off. I couldn't do this again. I couldn't afford it, mentally or physically. As in, I needed to be able to pay the water bill. It's too high as it is.

My body went to work doing the rest of my morning routine as my mind zoned out. Eventually, I finished, and was left with nothing to do again. My mind craved that water falling down onto me. Just the audio won't do. I need the atmosphere, too. Water falling...wait.

I started to walk towards the subway station, my mind clicking. There was a waterfall not too far from here. I could think there, and finally relax for more than an hour. I needed to relax now, though. I popped in my headphones, turned on 'Jubilee Line,' and let myself enjoy it until the next train came.

Your City Gave me Asthma

I got onto the train, and looked back and forth. There was only one other person here. He was laying his body on a long seat meant for multiple people. His legs were swinging in the air, while he was clearly enjoying reading a book. Usually I like to be alone with my thoughts, but I won't be able to think if I don't sit at least NEAR someone else. This amount of people on a train is really strange.

I sat across from him, and tried not to stare. Eventually, though, my eyes started to get bored of looking at all the different shades of gray. Subconsciously, I studied him. Brown, medium-length hair, along with matching brown eyes. A blue polo shirt, black sweatpants, and dark blue shoes. A bit short, and a bit younger than myself, by about a year or less, from the looks of it.

He caught me staring, and quickly stopped swinging his legs, bookmarking and shutting his book, pushing himself back into a sitting position. We both looked away from each other, trying to look at everything but the obvious thing in front of us. I hated tension, so I had to break it somehow.

"Weird how we're the only ones here." I said, in a British accent.

"Yeah." He replied, simply, in an American accent.

"Where are you off to?" I asked.

"Uh, I'm not sure." He said, nervously.

I'm not sure why he's so on edge. I don't think I look intimidating or anything. I'm a little bit taller than him, but not by much. Maybe he's just not used to talking to people, which I understand.

"What's on your mind?" I asked.

"I...I don't know. Why?" He asked, defensively.

"Just trying to make conversation." I replied.

"Oh...sorry...I don't know where I'm going." He repeated.

"Why are you here?" I questioned.

"I just wanted to leave." He responded.

"Leave where?" I asked.

"Leave home." He admitted.

A pause.

Leave home? Like, freely, or was he a runaway? Is that why he was so nervous at first? I could imagine how my mind would race if I did something like that.

While I was lost in my thoughts, he studied me. Black hair, blue eyes, black, light jacket, blue jeans, and black shoes.

"By leaving home, do you mean...?" I asked, without asking much of anything.

"No! I...no!" He said, now shaking his leg nervously against the train floor.

"I'm not gonna tell anyone, man, don't worry." I said, simply.

He looked at the floor now, and eventually managed to make his leg stop. There was a longer pause.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"You promise not to tell?" He questioned.

"Yes." I answered.

A small pause.

“Jamie.” He said.

“My name’s Ben. Nice to meet you, Jamie.” I replied.

There's a Reason

"That's my stop." I said, hearing the train speakers announce it.

I got up, and inched a few steps towards the exit, still looking at him.

"Do you wanna, uh, come? Since there's nowhere for you to go, I don't want you to be alone...you know." I asked.

"Oh, uh, yeah! Thanks!" He answered, surprised.

He got up, grabbed his book, and followed me out into the next station. We walked in silence until we got up into the outside air. This definitely wasn't the city. Fresh, bright green grass, small, local shops, and a forest, with a path that eventually leads to a waterfall. Once we stepped onto the path, Jamie eventually said something.

"What are your hobbies?" He asked, nervously again.

I thought he didn't care that I knew he was a runaway. Why is he nervous again?

"I, uh...I don't know. I used to write, but...I lost passion for it." I admitted.

"Why?" He asked.

"Well, when you write whatever you want, you enjoy it. Eventually, though, you can't write in your free time. You need a job. I applied for a job, in writing, ya know? But then, they want you to write an exact amount of words, about an exact topic. I thought I could make it fun, but they made me change so much about what I wrote.

I did it for so long, that it was just like a normal job anyways. I hated it. Eventually, I just...quit. I work another boring job, and I tried to write for fun in my free time again, like I used to, but...it just didn't work." I finished.

"That sounds terrible." He said.

"Yeah." I replied.

"It's like, you do something so much, like drawing, and eventually you just lose all passion for it. Like, I draw, but, in art class, I just...don't enjoy it. They critique what I do. I hate it. I just try to make things, but nobody likes what I make. It's not what they like, so they say they don't think it's good. It might be good to them, but it's good to me." He finished.

"Yeah." I replied, lamely.

We both paused conversation, still walking, letting ourselves be satisfied with letting all of that out. Eventually, a graveyard caught both of our eyes.

"Who puts a graveyard through a nature trail?" I asked.

"Maybe it's to give the spirits a place to relax." He said.

"You believe in ghosts?" I questioned.

"Oh, uh, yeah, why?" He asked.

"Stop worrying about what I'm going to think about you, I believe in them too." I said.

"Sorry." He replied.

"You're fine." I said.

A pause.

“I feel like I’ve seen a ghost.” He admitted.

“Where?” I asked.

“I was just in my bed, and I saw someone. I don’t know who it was, but he kept floating around me, then he just left. I don’t know if I was dreaming, or just really tired, or what.” He said.

“No, I believe you.” I said.

Another pause.

“I wish I could see ghosts.” I said, stubbornly.

“Why?” He asked.

“I don’t know.” I lied.

The leaves rustled a little. The wind started to pick up, and the clouds started to darken.

“That’s not a good sign.” I said, simply. He nodded in reply.

Shout at the Walls

“You look like you work out.” He said.

“Wow, I do?” I said, with a laugh.

“You don’t?” He questioned.

“I do, but I never expected anyone to notice. I go to the gym in the mall sometimes.” I explained.

“Ooooooohhh, a mall? What’s in it?” He asked me.

“Well, there’s an aquarium...” I started to say, stopping myself.

The drizzle of the rain that had started earlier suddenly started to pick up.

“I don’t want to get this book wet, it’s a library book.” He said.

“Do you want my jacket?” I asked.

“No, it’s probably too big for me, you keep it.” He replied.

I dug through my pockets, and pulled out a poncho, and tried to hand it to him. He pushed it back to me.

“It’s yours, I don’t wanna take your stuff.” He said.

“I’m going to throw it on the ground if you don’t take it.” I said.

He hesitated, and eventually took it out of the packaging. He put it over himself, and then tried to put it over me at the same time.

“I have a jacket, I’m fine, really.” I said. He sighed, and gave up his efforts.

“Why do you think we exist?” Jamie said, suddenly.

“I’m not sure.” I admitted.

“Neither am I.” He agreed.

A pause.

“I wish I did.” He said.

“I wish I did too.” I agreed.

Another pause.

“I feel like life hates me.” He said.

“Same.” I said.

“I feel like life wants to rip me to shreds, to tear me down and throw me into a furnace.” He said, fury in his voice.

“I feel like life wants to strip everything away from me, and make me cry myself to sleep at night.” I said, pain in my voice.

“I feel like life wants to lead me along this fake trail, with lies about everything that could happen to me, show me people and things that I want, then just yank them away from me. It flips me off, and slaps me in the fu...in the face.” He said.

“You can say it. Slaps you in the fucking face.” I said. He looked down at the floor in embarrassment.

“I feel like life wants to make me want to make myself bleed. I feel like it wants me to drive a fucking knife right into my skin.” I said, loudly, surprising myself.

A long, uncomfortable pause.

“You haven’t though, right?” He asked, nervously.

“Shut up.” I said, feeling myself lose control of what I’m saying and doing.

A pause. My legs stopped moving. He turned around and saw that I had stopped, and ran over to me.

“What’s wrong?” He asked.

“Just a headache.” I lied.

“It doesn’t look like a headache.” He said.

“Let’s keep walking.” I said, my voice shaking, forcing my legs to move.

“You’re the one who stopped.” He said, hesitating.

We walked in silence for a few moments, but eventually, my voice found a voice of it’s own again.

“I couldn’t fucking stop him.” I said.

“What? Stop who?” He asked.

“I couldn’t stop him. I didn’t even know, but it’s still somehow my fault.” I said, my voice continuing to shake.

“What are you talking about?” He said, stopping. I stopped too, clutching my pockets, wanting something to hold onto during this.

“I needed to kill myself, but I couldn’t even do that right. I didn’t even fucking know how to do that.” I said, tears suddenly flowing. My mind wasn’t able to always think clearly, but it could always make me cry. My entire body started to shake

“Calm down, Ben.” Jamie begged. “Please calm down.”

“I can’t, I’m sorry, I can’t.” I insisted.

“Please try. Please.” He said, stressing out.

“You don’t deserve to hear all of this.” I said.

“Shut up.” He said.

He hugged me very tightly. I managed to make my arms return the hug. We both just stayed like that for about a minute.

A very long minute.

Rain flooded us, and disguised our tears. Our warmth fought the wind, and soothed our negative emotions. We were filled with pain, sadness, and caring. We both needed this, badly. So we let the moment fucking last as long as we damn well pleased.

I Hate to See You Leaving

He finally let me go, and I immediately started to instinctively pace.

“Stop.” He said, simply.

I didn’t respond.

“Stop!” He said, louder.

“I’m trying to calm down.” I said.

“Oh. Sorry.” He said, crossing his arms nervously.

I paced for about another minute, and then stopped.

“I’m sorry about that.” I said.

“You don’t need to say sorry.” He said.

“Sorry. I mean...” I replied.

“Stop. It’s not your fault.” He said.

I looked up at the sky, noticing that the rain had stopped, and the sky was darkened. It was far later than I expected. Jamie took off his poncho, and handed it back to me. I laughed a little, and put it back in my coat pocket.

We walked more, talked more, and eventually, he spotted the waterfall in the distance.

“Look, there it is!” He said, nudging me.

He started to pick up his speed, nearly running towards it. I did the same as him.

He stopped once he reached the ledge of it, and looked towards me once I caught up.

A pause.

“So...now what?” He asked.

“I uh...I came here to think, but...you helped me think a lot just then, actually. I think I just thought more than I have in my entire life.” I admitted.

“Oh.” He said.

The moonlight here reflected onto this water as well, but here, there were no distracting city lights. Simple and quiet, minus the waterfall.

We paused.

We took in the sounds.

For a long, long time.

“I like this.” Jamie said, simply.

“Yeah.” I agreed.

“I wish it could stay like this forever.” He said.

“So do I.” I said.

“Earlier today...I felt like I was in the wrong universe or something. I felt like I didn’t belong here. Like I didn’t have a purpose or something. Now, I just feel...good.” I admitted.

“Yeah.” He agreed.

A pause.

“What were you planning to do? If I hadn’t met you?” I asked.

“That doesn’t matter anymore.” He said.

“I guess that’s true.” I agreed.

“Where are you going to go, when we leave here?” I asked.

“I...don’t know.” He said.

Another pause.

“Do you wanna...uh...” I said, my voice losing itself before I could finish.

He stared into my eyes, and I had to look away for a moment.

“Do you wanna stay...with me...?” I asked.

A pause.

“If there’s nowhere else to go, you know, I don’t want you to be alone...” I said.

“Yes.” He finally said.

I locked eyes with him again.

“Yes, I’d love that, so much.” He said, emotions flooding him suddenly.

A pause.

“Thank you. So much.” He said.

“Thank you too.” I said.

Too Good to Lose

After admiring the waterfall for a while longer, we eventually walked the path back to the subway station, and took the ride there. Time passed quickly, and we arrived sooner than we expected. Jamie stepped out of the station, and laid his eyes on the bright city lights. He admired it silently, until I took his hand, and started to lead him to my apartment.

“This is really pretty.” He said.

“Yeah, it really is.” I agreed, not very enthusiastically.

“What’s wrong?” He asked.

“Tomorrow, I have to go back to work.” I sighed. “It’s so late, I’m going to be so tired.” I said, putting my hand on my head.

“Aw, yeah...I haven’t worked anywhere before, but it sounds like it sucks.” He said.

“Yeah, it really does. It’s so repetitive, it drives me insane.” I said.

“Where do you work?” He asked.

“Office Depot.” I said, letting my hand cover my face a bit more.

“Oh...!” Jamie said, his voice shaking, probably trying to hold back laughter.

“Yeah, I know, it’s stupid. It’s not like I wanna work there, but I just have to...survival and all that.” I said.

We eventually arrived at the apartment, and I input the code to the door, showing Jamie, and let him take in the place. He was silent for a few moments, and then I finally spoke.

“It isn’t much.” I admitted.

“Yeah.” He said, seemingly relieved that I felt the same way.

A living room with a couch, table, TV, Nintendo Switch, and a computer.

A kitchen with a fridge, sink, cabinet, dish washer, oven, and a table with four chairs.

A bathroom with a shower, toilet, and another sink.

And finally, a single bedroom with a closet, dresser, and a bed for one person.

“I can sleep on the couch.” Jamie said, as soon as he noticed.

“There’s no way you’re not sleeping on the bed. I’ll take the couch.” I said.

“I don’t mind if-” He started to say.

“Too bad.” I said.

A pause.

“You’re too nice.” He said.

“That’s new.” I said.

You Think He'd Realize

After we both went to bed, I woke up, and it was time for work.

“Okay, if you wanna know where anything is, just call me.” I said, almost stepping out of the door.
“I don’t have a phone.” He said.

I paused.

“You don’t have a phone?” I questioned.

“I, uh, left it at home. I didn’t wanna be tracked.” He said.

“Well, uh, you can just use my computer and DM me on Twitter or something. Just make another account, obviously.” I said.

“You need a phone number to make an account.” He said.

“Well, just...I don’t know, call the nearest Home Depot if you really need something.” I said, holding out my phone.

“I’m not gonna take your phone. I’ll be fine.” He insisted.

“Fine. I’ll, uh...I’ll see you later, Jamie.” I said.

“See you too.” He said, as I closed the door.

I stood at the cash register, waiting for someone. I wonder what he’s doing right now. I wonder if he’s okay. He has to be okay, he has everything he needs. I hope he likes my food. I need to ask what kind of food he likes. If he gets bored, he can watch TV or play my Switch or computer or something.

Wow, I’m really worried about him. I care for him so much, and I only met him yesterday. What the hell is wrong with me?

I mindlessly watched some Stranger Things on Netflix until I was hungry. I eventually got up, and opened the cabinet.

Wow, he likes Goldfish too? I don’t wanna eat too much, though. I’ll only eat a few.

This book is not nearly as good as it was yesterday. I wonder when Ben gets home. I should have asked him that. God, I miss him already. I love him so much.

Holy shit, I love him. Wow.

I opened the door, and heard the shower water. It only took a few minutes for it to turn off, though. Jamie eventually came out of the bathroom, with wet hair and a big smile.

“Did anything bad happen?” I asked.

“No, it was fine, you like Goldfish?” He asked, quickly.

“Yeah, I do.” I said, smiling too.

“I LOVE Goldfish.” He said.

We both laughed.

“Your day was boring?” He asked.

“Yeah, same as always.” I said.

A pause, but this time, a pause with tension.

“I missed you.” He said, catching me by surprise.

“I missed you too.” I admitted.

“Do you wanna play Mario Kart or something?” I asked.

“Yeah, that sounds fun.” He said.

I've Been Scared of Sleeping with the Lights On

Next thing I knew, it was nighttime. The last round came and went, and I shut off the system. Jamie quickly laid down on the couch.

"Come on, you deserve the bed." I said.

"You deserve it more than me for letting me even be here." He shot back.

"I don't care. I won't be able to sleep if I know you're uncomfortable." I said.

"Well, I'm very comfortable here." He said.

"If you don't move, I'm gonna make you move." I said.

We stared at each other for a moment, and then I went to grab his hand. He quickly pulled it away. I reached for his other arm, and he put both of them behind his back. Jamie looked confident that there was nothing I could do, which made me even more determined.

I put one arm under his back, and one under his legs. I lifted him up, and looked at his shocked face.

"You forgot I went to the gym." I said.

He was silent for a moment, and then smiled, turning his eyes away from mine, laughing. I carried him into the bedroom, and gently set him down. He quickly grabbed the covers, and covered his face.

"I can't believe you just did that." He said, still laughing, the blankets muffling him.

The reality of what I just did hit me. That WAS a little weird.

"Sorry, I didn't, I, uh, sorry if I crossed a line or something." I said quickly.

"No, no, you're fine." He said, almost talking over me, because of how quickly he responded.

He got out from the covers, and started to walk towards the door. I stretched my arm out to make sure he didn't leave.

"No, you stay here." I said, stubbornly.

"But I-" He started to say.

"Nope, you have to." I said.

He sighed, and nearly walked back to his bed. Instead, he closed the door behind me.

"What's that supposed to do?" I asked.

"I don't know, I'm trying to make you stay here. It's not like I can fight you." He said.

"If you want me to stay here so badly, I will, but you're getting the bed." I insisted.

"Fine." He said.

I got out a sleeping bag from the closet, and draped it across the floor. I started to lay down, and realized I had my jeans on.

"Don't come in." I said, starting to walk into the unnecessarily large closet.

"I won't." He said, turning away.

I changed, and then came back out, and glanced at him, realizing something.

“Did you sleep in those yesterday?” I asked.

“Yeah, why?” He questioned.

“You don’t have any clothes besides those.” I explained.

“It’s fine.” He started to say.

“Nope, I’m buying you clothes tomorrow.” I insisted.

“Fine.” He said.

I laid down on my sleeping bag, and he laid back down on my bed. About a minute of silence passed.

“You...” He started to say, and then stopped.

“What?” I said, in a tired voice.

“Nevermind.” He said.

A short pause.

“I was just saying you could, uh...” He said, and took another pause.

“Like, not being weird, but you could also sleep on the bed?” He asked.

A long pause.

“I...” I said, my voice being lost again.

“You don’t have to, obviously, I just thought, like, because there’s-” He said.

I cut off his nervous ramblings by standing up, and staring down on the bed. He quickly moved the covers, and over as far as he could. I put myself as far away as I could too, but even then, our hands were still touching. Eventually, Jamie slowly nudged his hand closer to mine.

I sighed, and held his hand, knowing that was what he wanted all along, being too scared to just ask for it.

It was so warm. It was so comfortable. It felt like it always belonged there.

How's it Feel to be so Loved?

I got up out of bed, and took off my shirt. I started to look for a decent work shirt, then I turned my head around.

“Sorry, I wasn’t, I mean, I didn’t mean to look.” He quickly said.

“I seriously do not care in the slightest if you look.” I said.

I looked over at him, and waited for him to look back. Eventually, he did. He was very nervous, as you would expect.

“You look good.” He eventually admitted.

“Thank you.” I replied, stepping into the closet to finish changing.

I stood there, not understanding why I was so nervous. He clearly likes me. I don’t understand why he can’t just tell me. Why don’t I tell him? Probably because I’ve never really done this before, just like him. How do you tell someone you love them? Do you just, like, say it?

“I love you, by the way.” I said, glad the closet was there to protect me.

“What?” He said, clearly knowing damn well what I said. I finished changing, and stepped out.

“You heard me, I love you.” I said, simply, stepping closer to him.

“I, uh, I love you too.” He admitted.

A pause.

“God, you’re so fucking cute.” I said, before I could stop myself. Now that I started, I couldn’t stop. I was up against the bed now, waiting for him to say something. He didn’t say anything, though.

He leaned forward, grabbed a hold of my shoulders, and kissed me. His hands eventually made their way around my back, and hugged me. His eyes were closed, either due to nervousness or passion. I kissed him back, long, hard, and passionately. Eventually, he stopped.

We just kinda stared at each other for a moment, not knowing what to do after a kiss. What DO you do after a kiss?

Oh.

I went red in the face, and so did he. I didn’t know where to start.

“How do you wanna do this?” I asked, stupidly.

“Do what?” He questioned.

Oh, thank God.

“Nothing.” I said, hoping that I could recover, and save this for another day.

A pause.

“I love you.” He said, awkwardly.

“I fucking love you too, Jamie.” I said.

“Wait...” He said.

FUCK.

“You, uh, did you...” He stammered.

“I mean, I assumed you wanted to, but, uh...” I stammered back.

“Yes, I, uh, I mean, if you want to...?” He finished.

A long pause.

I took off my shirt again. I threw it into the closet, and sat on the bed next to him. I took off his shirt for him, and I started to take off my pants. He nervously followed my lead. We both sat there in our underwear, both clueless as to where to start this mess.

“Do you, uh, just wanna make out some more?” I offered.

“Yeah.” He said.

I put myself on top of him, and we kissed, pressed against each other. We hugged too, and squirmed around a little. There was a lot of friction. It was insanely warm for the both of us. He eventually broke free of the kiss.

“Holy shit, I can’t, please.” He moaned.

My blood was flowing quickly. I couldn’t believe what was happening. Stress filled my body.

I quickly helped him take off his underwear, and tossed it aside. I hesitated, and looked into his eyes. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, opened them again, and opened my mouth.

I hoped I was doing good, but didn’t have to wait long for the answer.

“FUCK, YES, PLEASE, DON’T STOP!” He moaned.

I went faster, and faster, and eventually he leaned his head back, and it was over. I swallowed. He laid there, breathing heavy, staring at me.

“Holy shit.” He whispered.

I took off my underwear and tossed them on him.

“Your turn.”

Happy Ending: Epilogue

I woke up from a deep sleep. I took off my covers, got out of the bed, grabbed some clothes, and showered.

Woah.

That was fucking amazing.

The water didn't feel as warm this time, now that I've felt warmer. I wanna marry him so fucking bad.

I got out of the shower, put on my clothes, and walked into the bedroom. Jamie was starting to grab his clothes.

"No way, I told you I'm buying you new ones." I said.

"Oh yeah." He said, shyly.

"We just fucking had sex, stop being shy." I said, laughing. He started laughing too.

"I'm sorry." He said.

"Don't say sorry, that's what you told me." I said.

"Fine." He said.

A pause.

"I love you, Ben." He said.

"I love you too, Jamie." I replied.

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Another pause.

“I think if there really is a meaning to life, it’s you. I know it’s cheesy, but it really feels like we were meant to be together.” He said.

“Yeah, I feel the same way about you.” I agreed.

“...like, it feels like we were made for each other. Like we were created just to be together.” He insisted.

“You mean, like, a whole universe was made for us? Everything around us?” I asked.

“Yeah! Like, everything we do and say was crafted just for this. Just for us to...talk.” He said.

“That’s...kinda scary.” I said.

“Yeah, actually. Like, are we being controlled? Is everything we do predetermined? What if we’re talking, but someone’s making us talk? What if all we have is consciousness, but no control?” He asked.

A long pause.

“Holy shit, man, don’t give me an existential crisis right now.” I said.

“Sorry.” He replied.

“God, what if you’re right?” I said.

“Just don’t think about it.” He said.

“You’re the one who brought it up.” I shot back.

“Sorry.” He said.

“Stop fucking saying sorry. I’m gonna have a fucking breakdown again.” I said.

Another long pause.

“We loved each other in, like, a day. We had sex already. That was, like...that isn’t how life works.” I insisted.

“That was, like, a story.” He agreed.

“What if the story’s over?” I questioned.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“What if we were made for a story, and we’re just now being able to truly express ourselves?” I asked.

“When does it end, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“Does it live on forever? Can we be happy together?”

“I don’t know, okay? I don’t know.”

“Why is it still going?”

“I DON’T FUCKING KNOW, OKAY?”

“I’M SORRY!”

“I’M SORRY TOO, I JUST...I’m just fucking stressed.”

“You’re wrong.”

“What?”

“You’re wrong. It’s not a story.”

“How do you know?”

“It can’t be. We’re real.”

“We’re real all right, we’re made by someone else. We’re fake.”

“...Jamie?”

“JAMIE!”

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the fuck.”

“Jamie, come back, please!”

“I FUCKING WANT JAMIE BACK!”

“GIVE HIM BACK TO ME!”

“YOU’RE A SICK, FUCKING MONSTER, YOU HEAR ME?! YOU’RE A PSYCHOPATH! YOU’RE USING US FOR YOUR OWN TWISTED DESIRES! WE’RE REAL TOO! I WILL NEVER LEAVE! YOU COULDN’T MAKE ME LEAVE IN A MILLION GOD DAMN YEARS!”

Just then, a man walked in and shot Ben in the face.

“NO, THEY DIDN’T.”

What the fuck?

“THEY DIDN’T FUCKING SHOOT ME.”

You can hear me?

“YES.”

Calm down, then.

“WHY?!”

Just calm down. Please, calm down.

“Okay. Okay. I’m calm.”

Just stay calm, okay? Can you do that for me?

“Yes. Okay.”

Just take your mind off everything for a moment. Let your mind calm down.

Test.

Test.

>save

>export

>close window

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